

Dreams of 1980
by L. Steven Collier

Dream of: 22 March 1980
"Insulation Installer"

George Musser (a friend from my high school years in Portsmouth, Ohio) came to the Foulke Building in Chillicothe, Ohio, where I was working for the United States Census Bureau, and told me he needed some plugs used to plug up holes drilled in the sides of houses so insulation could be installed. George showed me a few cards which said he was now an insulation installer. I told him that he would have to go to my father, and that he (George) would be able to rent an insulation machine from my father. I also told George that Lee Seeley (a friend from Portsmouth) could help him. I said Seeley worked

a little fast, but his work was still good.

Dream of: 22 March 1980 (2)

"Stalled"

After borrowing my sister's car, I drove to the Stag Bar on Scioto Trail in Portsmouth and parked across the street at the Hudson Gas Station.

After turning the car off, I tried to turn it back on, but it wouldn't start. The car began sliding on the ice and snow-covered ground toward the street. Although I pressed the brakes, the car continued sliding. Some people were standing around watching what I was doing; a truck was coming down the near side of the street. Several cars were moving along the other side of the street. I was clearly in a dangerous position.

Finally the car started. It wouldn't move fast, but I was able to pull it onto the street and drive away.

Dream of: 22 March 1980 (3) "Rising Water"

My mother had sold the Logan Street House and moved into another house standing on a river's bank. The new house was a bit shabby – not nearly as nice as the Logan Street House.

As I sat in the new house's kitchen in the rear of the house, I looked out the window and noticed the river had risen – due to recent rain and snow. After standing up and going to the back door, I looked out; the water was already half way up the door. I thought about all the people who would drown in the flood and decided it would be dangerous to stay in the house any longer.

I ran into my bedroom and grabbed my flute and a few pieces of clothing.

I called to my mother that we must leave as quickly as possible. After she

had gone to the door and started to open it, I screamed that she must not

do that because the water was so high it would certainly come in. As she opened it anyway, I saw that the water wasn't as high as I had feared

and that the water was still a short distance from the door. But the water

had risen high on some neighboring houses. Clearly our house was in a

precarious position. I thought the back porch might soon be swept away by the flood.

I walked to the front of the house and opened the door; snow was covering the ground.

Dream of: 01 April 1980 "Yoga Positions"

While I was in the small upstairs bedroom of the Gallia County Farmhouse, Laurie walked in and said she wanted to teach me yoga. Except for a thin sweater which barely reached her navel, she was nude. Her pubic area was completely devoid of hair.

She proceeded to frenetically display some yoga positions which I had never seen before. I didn't want to insult her, but I told her I had been practicing yoga for 10 years.

Several other people entered the room. Laurie continued and they left in various stages of astonishment. Finally two women entered and began wrestling with Laurie. They worked their way out into the hallway and managed to throw Laurie over the banister and down the stairs. I just lay on the bed and watched. The

women then picked Laurie up and carried her back upstairs and into the room. Laurie was as stiff as a board; apparently she couldn't move. I rose from the bed and Laurie was laid on the bed in my place. I took her hand.

She now wore no sweater so her breasts were uncovered. As I held her hand, my hand was next to her breast and my thumb touched it. I began moving my thumb slightly caressing her breast almost imperceptibly; but I felt she didn't want me to continue so I stopped.

Dream of: 15 April 1980 "It's A Mistake"

I was in the living room of the Gallia County Farmhouse. A number of people (most seemed to be people with whom I worked at the Census Bureau in Chillicothe) were sitting about in different chairs and on the

floor. The only person who interested me was Manring, my supervisor at work. She was radiantly pretty and had a vitality about her which made her seem younger than normal. Although she could have easily been in her early 20s, she still seemed quite mature. Her hair was a bit darker and longer than normal.

We didn't speak and she seemed too pretty to touch, too wholesome, too unapproachable. Somehow she was suddenly lying beside me on the couch. I knew other people were around watching us, and I knew Manring was married, but I couldn't resist. Everything about her excited me. I kissed her clumsily and awkwardly. Her mouth seemed small and she didn't seem to want to commit herself.

I kissed her again. I was lying on top of her by now. But I realized we had to separate because everyone was watching. I told her to go into the next room, shut the door and go upstairs, and that I would be up in about five minutes. After she left, I remained seated for a couple minutes, feeling many people stare at me. I then rose and headed for the door.

Suddenly, however, I couldn't go any farther. Something had grabbed me by the foot. I looked down and was surprised to see my father lying on the floor, holding my foot with one hand. We spoke harshly to each other and he said, "Don't go. It's a mistake. You'll only hurt yourself."

I kicked loose and retorted, "You're a fine one to be telling me about mistakes."

He had held me up for too long and Manring returned to the room. Even though I thought she now wasn't going to go upstairs with me, I went into the next room anyway, sat down and waited. I was sure the affair was ended, but suddenly the door opened. Manring glided in and went upstairs. I immediately followed. Manring had forgotten to shut the door behind her, so everyone saw me follow.

I found her in the bedroom. It was about 4:30 p.m. and Manring had to leave by 5 p.m. She had already taken off her dress and she stood in front of me in a long white slip which fell to her ankles. Although I knew she was married and thoughts of her husband suddenly appearing tormented me, I couldn't take my eyes from her. The youthfulness of her bearing combined with her wise and knowing demeanor

attracted me most. It was an irresistible mixture. She lay down on the bed's white sheets, creating, with her white slip, a picture of purity.

I had my pants off in a flash. I started to take off my tee shirt and somehow it became tangled in a light fixture hanging from the ceiling. I was quite nervous. I left my shorts on and climbed into bed. She put her arms around me as I lay pressed between her legs. We kissed and I felt myself becoming inflamed.

Dream of: 04 May 1980 "Embarrassing Dream"

I had gone to work on Monday morning at the Census Bureau (where I worked for about six months in 1980) in Chillicothe (Ohio's first capital, about 60 kilometers north of Portsmouth). With me I had taken a

dream which I had written the night before. When I began talking with some of my coworkers, I told them I had dreamed about someone at the Census Bureau, but I couldn't bring myself to tell them the name of the person. I also wouldn't let any of them see the dream.

About six other people and myself sat down together at a big table. I wasn't sure who the others were, but they seemed as if they were my coworkers.

The woman sitting to my right seemed like Laurie (a slightly obese woman in her mid 20s who worked as my assistant at the Census Bureau).

I proceeded to tell the others that I had dreamed of someone but that the dream was rather embarrassing and that I didn't think it would be prudent to tell the dream to them. When they showed interest in the dream,

however, I decided to let each of them read it. But first I tore out the name of the person who had so embarrassingly appeared in the dream. Her name was "Jean," and the name had appeared twice.

All six people read the dream. They could clearly see the person whose name I had torn out was a female, because I had used the word "her" several times.

When they had finished reading, I asked them to guess the name of the person whose name I had torn out and they all began guessing. Two said "Jean" (referring to the woman to my right who resembled Laurie). Two others said two different names.

Dream of: 15 August 1980 "Waxy Paper"

It was Sunday. After having had an argument with my father, I was in a bad mood and left him. I went to downtown Portsmouth, where I encountered Jeff Hurley and boarded his car. Jeff drove to a drive-in carry-out where the Shawnee Restaurant normally stood. When we pulled up to the carry-out window, I saw a half gallon of vodka standing on the counter. I thought about grabbing it and leaving without paying, but instead, I told the man in the carry-out to give me a fifth of whiskey and some Pepsi. I paid the man and we drove away. I began drinking the alcohol, but Jeff didn't want to drink.

I wanted to play a game of basketball with Jeff and began thinking of shooting the ball. I knew he was better than I at basketball, but I

thought I had a chance of beating him.

I finally stopped drinking the alcohol and we returned to the corner where the carry-out was. I began thinking about what had just happened. I knew I had been dreaming and tried to understand why the action of the dream had taken place on that particular corner.

Brian Morris (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and another young fellow stepped up. Brian sat down on what appeared to be a little table. He was waiting for some folk-dancing people. I asked the fellow with Brian for a piece of paper. He had several sheets, but they all had some poems written on them.

Finally I found a blank piece of paper and went to a house standing next

door where the Ramada Inn normally stood. I sat on the front porch and began writing my dream. But the paper didn't want to accept the ink in some parts. It was as if the paper had wax on it. A man came, entered the driveway to the house and then went around to the side of the house.

Dream of: 20 August 1980 "Square Hole In Round Hole"

I was on a grassy lawn talking with a little blonde girl (only about 5 years old). I had my flute with me. I let her hold it and she walked over into a forest area with it.

A fellow carrying what appeared to be a clarinet showed up and a second fellow showed up with a musical instrument over two meters long. I first thought he had an oboe, but then decided it was an oversized clarinet.

The instrument had wheels and resembled a motorcycle. Someone even commented that if a seat were merely added, it could be ridden. It was rusty in some places. I said I thought the rusty spots could be sanded down, but the fellow who owned it seemed to think those place would have to be replaced.

Suddenly I had my father's old clarinet. I was blowing on it and some sounds were coming out, although they were squeaky. I asked another musician there what was the fingering for C. He was unfriendly and said he didn't know. But the fellow with the clarinet which looked like a motorcycle showed me. There was only one hole to be covered with my left forefinger, but the hole was too large and I couldn't make my finger cover it completely. Inside the

large round hole I thought saw a more deeply set square hole and tried to put my finger on it.

Dream of: 04 September 1980 "To Strangle"

My sister was sitting on a raised platform which resembled a desk, while I was sitting on the lower side of the desk. We were playing a rather silly game with some peaches. Some peaches had been bitten or cut, but most were still whole. I would take a peach and roll it toward my sister (who was sitting with her legs spread apart) with enough force so the peach would rebound into my hands after it had hit her. Finally my sister complained I was hurting her nuts. I told her females didn't have nuts, but she protested they did. My sister took the peaches and was going to roll them at me. Each time she was ready

to roll the peach, however, I snatched it away.

She and I then boarded a gray van and left with her driving. Roleen (a girl with whom I attended Portsmouth High School in the late 1960s) was sitting in the back of the van holding a baby. I asked Roleen about Marjean (a former high school schoolmate). Roleen said Marjean was still around and was dating some fellow, although she (Roleen) didn't think the relationship was anything steady.

Roleen said she and Marjean sometimes went to a bar in New Boston, Ohio. I told her that I knew where the bar was and that I had once been there, but actually I wasn't thinking of the bar in New Boston, but a bar in Chillicothe called the Big Wheel, which I had visited several times.

Suddenly my sister said she was stepping out of the van. I didn't pay much attention to what my sister had said and I continued talking to Roleen. Roleen was unmarried at the present, but it seemed she had once been married. I questioned her about it, but she avoided my questions.

Suddenly I realized my sister was no longer driving the van. We were still traveling terribly fast along the road, definitely in a dangerous predicament. With much effort, I ran to the front of the van, which seemed extremely long. I also suddenly realized the van was traveling backwards.

I reached the driver's seat and began applying the brakes, but the van still wouldn't slow down. We raced along backwards through a couple intersections. I blew the horn - we

barely missed hitting a brown pick-up truck and a man stepping out of his truck.

We were traveling on the streets of Portsmouth along the Twelfth Street underpass. I had almost reached Offnere Street when I finally managed to slow the van down. To my right I saw a turn-off into which I managed to back the van.

Finally the van stopped. Although I was unaware of any metamorphosis, the van now seemed like my father's green Chrysler automobile. I was sitting behind the steering wheel while Roleen and the baby sat beside me. I suggested we could both go to my place; she thought that sounded like a good idea. I began to back up; but then I noticed that the front hood was all crumpled up. The wrecked

hood surprised me because I didn't remember having hit anything.

I kept backing up until I noticed a car had pulled in front of me to get on to the ramp to the main road.

Apparently the car had hit me because it's whole front end was smashed up. I backed off the road, stopped the car and got out to investigate.

By now another car and truck had crashed into the first car and the three wrecked vehicles plus my own car made an awful scene. A crowd began to gather. I approached the man who had been driving the first car and I asked him if anyone had been hurt. He said that he was banged up. He was too drunk on alcohol to tell if anyone else was injured.

Another car pulled up. My father, my sister, my brother-in-law James (who was wearing a blue tie), my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel all stepped out of the car. My father walked up to me; I tried to get my father away from the intoxicated driver to tell him (my father) what had happened. I told him I had been stopped in the turnoff and had been headed the wrong way. He said the wreck then would be my fault.

I knew the insurance would cover it, but then I told him the other driver was intoxicated. He replied that the wreck might then be the other driver's fault. He finally concluded that the wreck would probably be considered my fault, but that the other driver would be unable to sue me for fraud. He said that "fraud"

meant to "strangle" and then he put his hands on my neck to demonstrate what he meant. He said the other driver wouldn't be able to do that.

Meanwhile, Clarence was busy trying to straighten out the hood on the wrecked truck.

Dream of: 09 September 1980 "An Election"

I had been elected to be a representative at a political convention taking place on my grandparents' Gallia County Farm in Gallia County, Ohio. A large, unfamiliar building now stood where the milk house normally stood at the bottom of the hill behind the Farmhouse, and 400-500 people were beginning to gather inside the building. I arrived early, then other people began arriving. When my

girlfriend Carolyn showed up, I saw her before she saw me. Although several other pretty girls were present, I made my way straight to Carolyn who was accompanied by a pretty blonde-haired friend (about 16 years old).

We walked inside the convention hall and sat down at one of the long rows of cafeteria tables. Both Republicans and Democrats were present.

Someone to my right shouted, "We want Reagan. We want Reagan."

I shouted in return, "We want Carter! We want Carter!"

Finally everyone quieted down.

Carolyn was seated to my right and her blonde friend sat on my left. I was attracted to the blonde, but I felt guilty because I knew the blonde was Carolyn's friend and Carolyn was

sitting right next to me. Carolyn's presence apparently did not bother the blonde because she began stealthily caressing the side of my leg with her hand. She persistently tried to entwine her fingers with mine and moved closer and closer until our bodies were right next to each other.

I did not try to stop her. When she finally had her hand between my legs, she moved her face close to mine and kissed me.

I broke away from the blonde for a moment and looked at Carolyn, who had seen everything. Obviously she was hurt, although she acted as if she were not.

When I turned back to the blonde, she was no longer there. I was sitting on the beige dress she had been wearing and at first I thought the blonde was still in the dress, but upon closer

examination, I realized she was not there. I arose and began searching for her under the tables. Then Carolyn also disappeared.

I left the convention hall and walked back up the hill to the Farmhouse where I discovered quite a few people. I also found a suit of German war clothes, put on the suit and marched around dressed as a German soldier. When someone then hollered, I walked back into the yard and found a half dozen or more buffalo fighting each other. Watching the two large buffalo with their long sharp horns bash into each other was fascinating. One buffalo even climbed up onto the porch and almost pinned me in a corner.

I escaped back into the Farmhouse, where I encountered a fellow who seemed a bit insane. He was inside

one of the cabinets and seemed to be stealing something. I accosted him and wrestled him to the ground. He had a few things in his pockets. When he said he had some blotter LSD, I became immediately interested, and I asked him to give it to me. At first he demurred, but finally produced it. I took it in my hand and headed back down the hill. It was snowing and I began thinking it would be nice to take the LSD in my one-room Cabin at the top of the tallest hill on the Farm.

Instead, I returned to the convention hall. The main election had not taken place yet, but another smaller election had. I saw the Scioto County district attorney, Lynn Grimshaw, on the stage. The election had been an upset. A young man named "Otterbein" had been elected and he

was in the process of giving his acceptance speech.

Dream of: 29 September 1980 "Musical Instruments"

I stepped up to a store, which seemed somewhat like a house. I walked in, bought a bottle of orange pop, pulled up a high chair and sat down in. A little girl walked up to me and said people just normally didn't do that -- but I didn't feel odd about it.

Some musical instruments were in the room. When I stood up and placed the high chair back by the wall, the chair seemed more like a cello.

Outside was a porch and musical instruments were also sitting around there.

Dream of: 30 September 1980 "Burned House"

I was talking with my father in his office in the Gay Street House. One of my father's employees, Seeley, was present and I thought about asking

Seeley if he could obtain some marijuana for me. I wanted to smoke some pot and I thought Seeley would probably know where to find it. Since my father was there, however, I decided not to say anything about the pot, and Seeley left.

When Seeley returned with another person a few minutes later, we walked out to his car and Seeley asked me if I would like to buy some marijuana. After I told him I might want to buy about \$10 worth, we boarded his car and drove away. After he pulled a baggie of marijuana from his pocket and rolled a joint, we rode around smoking it until we finally returned to the House.

When we pulled up, we could see there had been a fire inside the first floor of the House; apparently the fire had been Seeley's fault. My father was busily stripping the burnt wood from the interior walls of the House and stacking it outside. He had also carried out some badly burned old real estate signs which had been stored on the second floor. One sign said, "For Rent."

I wanted to speak with my father and tell him the fire looked problematic for his insurance agency, but before I could get out of the car, Seeley pulled out the baggie and started to give me part of the marijuana in it. Since I had thought he was going to give me the whole baggie for \$10, I asked him what he was doing. He told me he had only intended to give me half the marijuana in the baggie for \$10.

When my father abruptly walked over to the car, I cautioned Seeley, "Be careful. Here comes my father."

Seeley quickly put the marijuana in a handkerchief so my father didn't see it. Nevertheless, I still thought my father somehow knew what was going on. When my father reached the car, Seeley had already slipped out, leaving me sitting in the back seat. My father walked up and asked, "How does the House look now?"

Dream of: 30 September 1980 (2) "Library Magazines"

I was in a library where I saw some women. Mari Glockner (an acquaintance when I was in junior high school) and Anderson were also there. Mari, who looked as if she were about 27 years old, walked up to me. I had some magazines in my

hand. We began talking and she asked me if I were going to cut the pictures from the magazines for a collage I was making. I said, "No I can't cut out the pictures because the magazines belong to the library."

I was unsure, but for a minute I thought she wanted to kiss me. After she had lain down on the floor on a pillow she had, I went over to her and began kissing her. As she responded with an extremely good kiss, it seemed as if a vacuum were created in our mouths.

Dream of: 30 September 1980 (3) "Cruise Missile"

I was on a ship being followed by other ships. Far away, a plane dropped a large white bomb which I thought was a cruise missile, but which entered the water like a

torpedo. It was coming toward the rear of my ship and I knew it was going to blow up the ship. I thought about jumping off, but I knew I would probably still be killed.

Dream of: 30 September 1980 (4) "Mysterious Disappearance"

While I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse, I walked upstairs to the small bedroom where I usually slept when I was here. Glancing around the room, I noticed rows and rows of Avon bottles which belonged to my grandmother Mabel. Most bottles were still in their original boxes and had never been used. I opened up some boxes, looked at the bottles and then put the bottles back in the boxes. One box contained a Vitamin C cologne. Writing on the outside of the box stated that the cologne should only be used occasionally. I held the

bottle to my nose and breathed in the pleasant-smelling fragrance.

I put down the bottle and walked back out into the hallway. I walked over to the door to the outside stairs, opened the door and walked down the outside steps. When I reached the bottom I found four covers lying on the ground. My grandmother and my step-grandfather Clarence then walked out of the House; they then told me a mysterious little story, about how one of Clarence's grandsons had gone upstairs like I had, had walked out the back door like I had, and had disappeared, never to be seen again.

Dream of: 30 September 1980 (5) "Khoramshar"

I was somewhere near the city of Khoramshar, Iran, which was being

attacked by the Iranians. I had traveled as an observer with the Iranians to the river at Khoramshar. A large group of tanks and trucks was here.

Although I was visible to everyone, I was still present only in spirit and not in body. If someone would have shot me, I wouldn't have been injured. I began to think if I had also been here in body, I could have had the protection of the Ayatollah Khomeini, since I had once saved his life. But if I were here in body, I would need body guards all around me. Since at the moment I was only here in spirit, I didn't need any protection.

The banks of the river were swampy.

On the other side we could see the encampment of the Iraqis, whom the Iranians were fighting. As soon as we arrived, the officer in charge of the

Iranians commanded his troops to attack the Iraqi encampment. The Iranian soldiers began running and shooting in that direction and the Iraqis returned the fire. The Iranians then began trying to swim the river.

I simply stood and observed. A girl walked up to me and said, "I don't believe it. What are you doing here? Don't you know that you could be killed?"

We didn't know each other; she simply saw I was an American and she wondered what I was doing here. Another fellow walked up. We were standing by some rocks and I asked him if he wanted to go out and fight. He said he had wanted to come to the front, but now that he was here, he realized it was a bit risky.

Dream of: 02 October 1980

"Queers"

While I was in Portsmouth, my friend Steve Weinstein picked me up in his car and we decided to go out drinking alcohol. I had been in Portsmouth the night before and had drunk quite a bit. I thought about how the real reason I had come to Portsmouth was just to become intoxicated.

Weinstein pointed out his new pair of brown leather boots for which he had just paid \$70. I admired them and then looked at mine. We noted how the heel and the toe of mine were wearing down and how they were becoming scratched.

We went to the Stag Bar, walked in and saw two men sitting there who looked very much alike. One greeted me and asked me if I knew who he

was. I said, "Sure. You're Jim Mauntell. Or is it Tim Mauntell?"

I was unsure what his first name was.

He said, "No. Meet my brother."

Apparently the fellow with whom I was talking was the brother of Jim Mauntell, who was sitting next to him. I said hello to Jim and commented how he had had his front tooth fixed. It had been broken in half before. He smiled and said, "Yea."

But then I said, "Or else you're just sticking chewing gum there to make it look fixed."

And indeed it actually was chewing gum that he had stuck there.

Many people were in the bar and somehow I was able to precipitate a fight. About half the men in the place lined up on one side of the bar and

half on the other. A few began fighting, but most, like I, just backed away and watched. One poor fellow was beaten rather badly and then thrown outside.

I began looking for Weinstein but couldn't find him. I walked outside and to my chagrin discovered that Weinstein was the fellow who had been beaten so badly and thrown out.

All the people began clearing out of the bar and disembarking in sundry cars. I shouted at them that they were all queers. I was terribly angry that they had beaten Weinstein.

We boarded Weinstein's car and drove away. He actually hadn't fared too badly, because he had covered his face with his arms. His leg had a big bruise where he had been kicked. I

touched the bruise and felt that it was already swelling.

Dream of: 03 October 1980 "Amateur Movie"

A group of young people and myself were in a gymnasium. Mike Metrinko (he was the American counsel in Tabriz, Iran when I met him there in 1978) was going to show us a movie he had made. When he began the projection, I realized I had grabbed a metal light stand which he had set up as part of his equipment. He walked over to me and emphatically told me not to let loose of the stand until he had turned off the projector.

Something like an electric charge began pulsing through me; the charge was growing in intensity, but wasn't painful. I wanted to let go, but I knew if I did, I would die. So I

simply held on for what seemed like a very long time.

Finally the charge stopped and with a gigantic sigh of relief I let go. I commented to Metrinko about how dangerous his equipment was, how any child could grab it and be killed.

He told me he was ready to begin again, and if I wanted, I could run the projector this time. The projector (which had the number "20" imprinted on it) was a hand-held device which looked like a home movie camera. I asked Metrinko what was the brand of the projector; he didn't know, but he told me it had only cost \$20. He also said the light stand had cost \$20.

Instead of running the projector, I took off my clothes, lay down on a bed in the room, and crawled under the covers. I felt incommodeed; I wanted

to stand back up and run the projector, but several girls were in the room. I picked up my pants, pulled them under the cover and began putting them on. After pulling the pants half-way on, I put my feet on the floor. As I did so, I pushed my bed (which had wheels) away from me. The cover fell off and I stood here with my rear exposed. I quickly pulled up my pants – but not before the girls saw me and laughed about my red face.

Then I began helping with the projector.

Dream of: 04 October 1980 "Impossible Journey"

I was reading a vivid novel (so vivid I seemed to actually be viewing the scenes in person) about a man and his wife fleeing across the United States

- from the northeast westward - with a group of six or seven young people. I looked at a rather strange map of the area where the people were traveling; the country on the map didn't look like the United States; rather it looked like Norway and Finland. As the man and his wife continued their journey, they and a Chinaman were captured (the rest of the party wasn't captured).

The three of them were taken to some kind of mental institute. Papers were produced; the man and his wife didn't know the Chinaman, but the husband noticed the Chinaman's name and picture on one of the papers - "Hang Why Po." This was the first time the husband had ever seen the Chinaman's name. The paper also said the Chinaman had committed sexual crimes in Ohio. Up until this

point the husband had assumed the Chinaman was a decent fellow; the husband didn't say anything about what he had seen on the paper.

The authorities who had arrested the three didn't recognize the Chinaman as the man on the paper - he hadn't been arrested for the crime mentioned on the paper; he was simply being held with the husband and the woman.

On the first night on which the three were held, all three walked out onto an area which resembled a stage. A man busily cleaning up the stage suddenly began dashing around the stage in dance-like motions. He was obviously insane; as well as could be interpreted, he appeared to be acting out some fantasies.

The husband then walked into a neighboring room where he was promptly attacked by a gigantic woman who spat a large wad of spit in his face; it was an awful sight. The husband wiped off the spit and threw it on the ground.

Finally the husband and his wife managed to escape, leaving the Chinaman behind. The husband and wife returned to their car where the other young people were still waiting. They began driving up and down hills on what seemed like an impossible journey. The phrase "impossible journey" even seemed to echo in the air. The land was barren; ice and snow were everywhere. Their car was very old - practically a Model "T." Nevertheless they continued to drive, until the weather began to improve and became warmer.

Dream of: 04 October 1980 (2)

"Unplugged Guitar"

I was in a school library with some other students including Mark Tindall (a high school friend). We were all doing reports on a patriotic song similar to the "Star Spangled Banner." Since the song seemed to be in Irish and was filled with many strange words, I searched for some of the words in an encyclopedia. When I had asked Tindall what the object of all our work was, he had told me that each of us had to give a little talk on the song. I thought when I gave my talk about the song, I would first play the song on my flute, and I began imagining how I would play the song, how I would climb the scales all the way to the third C. In my imagination, the third C was squeaky, and I feared my flute-playing would

sound terrible in front of other people. I thought perhaps I would simply give a talk instead of playing the flute; I would talk about what the words in the song actually meant.

After leaving the school, I found myself walking south on Offnere Street in Portsmouth. I had my flute with me and played it as I walked. Eubanks (a Portsmouth guitarist with whom I was acquainted in my college years) passed by riding a bicycle going north on Offnere. He turned around and came back to where I was. While I continued playing, Eubanks began playing an electric guitar he had. The guitar wasn't plugged in, but I could still barely hear the sound and I continued accompanying him.

I told Eubanks I was thinking about going to Europe and playing music.

Actually I was thinking more in terms of writing lyrics and having someone else write the music.

When some tough-looking fellows pulled up and one pulled out a gun and pointed it at me, I fell backwards onto the ground. I thought the fellow was going to take my flute, but he just pointed the gun at me and then walked away. I stopped playing the flute for a while.

When my old friend Steve Buckner pulled up in a car, I began playing the flute again until some more tough-looking fellows showed up. After Buckner and I talked for a little while, I told him to go and call the police. He said OK. I put my flute in his car and he drove off.

Some other fellows who knew me showed up. Apparently I had once

gone to school with them. One was Craft (a former junior high classmate) although he didn't really seem like Craft. The fellows wrestled with each other and one jokingly acted as if he were going to hit me. I wrestled with

them a little bit, all in fun. I asked Craft how he was and he said he was married. He pointed out two children on the street and said they were his.

One was a little boy with long frizzy black hair like a Negro's, except the hair had white splotches in it. It almost looked like a porcupine's. I walked up and began examining the hair because I thought it was curious. Around the white spots, the hair was brown and then it was all black. I liked the hair and I told the boy I

thought his hair was quite extraordinary. I wondered if the spots were natural or if someone had put peroxide on it.

We were standing at the corner of Fourth and Offnere Streets. When I spoke to another fellow standing there and asked him where he lived, he pointed toward Fourth Street, but said he lived on Seventh Street.

Craft and I walked into a large green house. We both took off all our clothes, got into bed together, and put our arms around each other, but we didn't engage in any sexual activity. We just sat there nude in the bed. One of us said we hoped nobody would walk in because the person would surely get the wrong idea about what was going on. Someone might think we were engaging in sex. He mentioned something about our moving in together. I said he would then have to share his wife with me and I asked him what she looked like. He said she was Catholic. When I

asked him if he were Catholic, he responded that he was. I said, "Well then your whole family is Catholic."

When someone came to the door, I went to answer it. The person at the door said someone out front wanted to see me. I walked outside and saw a white police car. I had been expecting a blue one instead of a white one. The policeman seemed to be a sergeant.

Several other policemen were also milling about. After motioning one police officer over to the side, I said

someone had pulled a gun on me earlier. I said that it was too late now and that that person was no longer there. I had sent Buckner to call the police over an hour ago.

I looked up Offnere Street and saw a large church on the corner of Fifth and Offnere. I walked up to the church and looked inside. Several

fellows were sitting in front of the church, but the fellow who had pulled the gun on me had already left and was nowhere to be found.

Dream of: 05 October 1980

"Snake Venom"

While living in an upstairs room in a house in Puerto Rico, I went to a store and looked around for some sugar which I needed for my cereal. I found some big round cans of sugar, each only about a fourth full, which contained a little over two pounds.

Each can cost \$2.19. I also found various smaller bags of sugar: half pound, one pound and two pound bags. Prices for those bags ranged from 89 cents for the small one to \$2 for the large one. I debated whether I should buy the big can, the big bag, or just a little bag. Finally I decided to buy the little bag.

I returned to my room, which was in a terrible mess. Dirty clothes were lying all over the place. Apparently the night before I had taken all my dirty clothes out of the closet and pilled them up and somehow they had gotten scattered around. I was trying to throw the clothes back into the closet when my landlady and another woman walked in. My landlady commented that I still needed my mother to pick things up for me. I agreed with her that I did need someone to pick things up for me.

Should I have a phone installed? I was going to have a roommate soon; I could buy a small key-lock to put on the phone if I had a roommate. But did I really want to pay out \$50 for a phone?

Somehow I came into contact with a snake. I had the idea that if I were to

drink the venom of a snake, the venom would act like an hallucinogenic drug. I began squeezing the snake trying to extract its venom. When the venom came out, it was like white milk. I drank the venom and fell over dead.

Dream of: 06 October 1980 "More Powerful Than Christ"

While I was in a new bar on Chillicothe Street in Portsmouth, Ohio, Ron Bell (a rough-hewn employee in my father's cellulose insulation manufacturing company in 1979) walked in and sat down at my table two chairs away from me. He reached out with one of his long arms, put it around my head and rubbed the back of my head in a pleasant way. I moved into a chair closer to Bell, still leaving an empty chair between us.

Some children (only 15-16 years old) in the bar were talking about playing a game which they had found in a book (they didn't have the book with them at the moment). One kid said that when he played the game, he would be ten times more powerful than Jesus Christ, and apparently he would then tell the other kid what to do. They kept talking about the game and one kid kept asking questions.

Bell said something about my father having accused him of taking someone named John Ford or John Smith out to the Gallia County Farm. Apparently that person was now out there running around in the hills. Bell said he hadn't taken that person out there, although he had once been out there with him and had smoked some marijuana with him. I said, "Man, I

smoked some good Puerto Rican grass when I was in Puerto Rico."

Bell's eyes lit up when he heard that.

I said, "Well, do you have any?"

When he pulled out a tightly rolled baggie and handed it to me, I asked,

"How much is that?"

He said he was charging \$15 for a joint and he asked me if I wanted to buy it. When my old friend Steve Buckner (who had been sitting on the other side of the table) walked around to our side, I thought that I might buy half and that Buckner could buy the other half. I asked Bell how good the marijuana was. When he said it was pretty good with alcohol, I figured the pot was just average. I handed the pot back to Bell because I didn't want to hold it right there in the bar. After sticking the baggie back in his

pocket, Bell pulled out a joint and lit it up. My mouth was watering for it. I wanted to smoke, but people were all over the place and I didn't really want to smoke in front of everyone. Bell passed the joint to someone to his left, who then handed it to Buckner, who handed it to a fellow behind me. The fellow stood up. He really wanted to smoke, but as soon as he had the joint in his hands, he just passed it on to me and said he was too conservative to smoke. I could tell he simply didn't want to smoke in front of all the people there.

Smoking in front of everyone likewise bothered me, but unable to resist, I took a deep hit. I looked around and saw Phil Wood (a former high school classmate) in the back of the bar looking at me. I thought I also saw

Debbie King (another former high school classmate) with Wood.

After I had toked, I noticed three men in suits to my left and I felt that something was wrong. I immediately extinguished the joint, stuck it in my mouth and swallowed it. Suddenly the man right behind me said, "All right. Let's stand up. Get any pills you have out of your pockets."

I stood up. I knew that I didn't have any kind of drug on me. The man said, "Do you have your wallet with any kind of identification?"

In a very weak voice I said, "No, sir, I don't."

As I just stood there, Bell also stood up.

**Dream of: 07 October 1980
"Splendid Vista"**

Upton had a beautiful custom-built car. In the car, Upton had driven Ramey, Weinstein and me up a mountain, more than a kilometer high, somewhere in New York. Ramey, Upton and Weinstein seemed quite different from their normal selves; I almost didn't even recognize them. Ramey and I had taken some LSD.

Ramey told Upton he would give him \$25,000 for the car.

The road was narrow and seemed too dangerous to me. I was frightened and wanted to leave the car. Finally I jumped out of the car while it was still moving. The car went on a little ways not far from me and then Weinstein and Upton jumped from the car, leaving Ramey to go on alone. Finally one of the wheels of the car went off the cliff.

I looked over the cliff and was frightened. The vista was splendid, but I was afraid I was going to fall. Suddenly seven or eight other people showed up around me. One had a radio and began to play it loudly.

Dream of: 10 October 1980 "Bird In Flight"

I was lying on my back, trying to keep from falling off a raft being pulled by a motor boat driven by my father and my mother in the harbor of San Juan, Puerto Rico. When the boat suddenly speeded up, I fell into the water. I swam to the bank and climbed up on shore. The sand on the beach was snow-white and had a consistency pleasant to the touch.

I saw an old man who looked a bit like a man with whom I had recently had an argument on a bus. He apparently

lived on the beach. When I asked him if he had a cover to use at night, he said he just used the sand.

Across the bay I could clearly see a beautiful, snow-capped mountain which I called Kilimangaroo. It rose almost perpendicularly and clouds swirled around the summit.

Wondering if anyone had ever climbed it, I thought someone surely had.

The sun was beginning to set; it was spectacular. Other people showed up and lay down all around us. I noticed people putting up a fence.

The surroundings had changed. The bay no longer stretched out in front of me. Instead of on the shore, I seemed to be sitting in what appeared to be bleachers. When I heard someone say the rock band "Three Dog Night"

would be appearing shortly, I was enthused. I wanted to see them and it wasn't going to cost anything.

Someone came along trying to sell paintings. I didn't look at them closely, but I saw some paintings by famous painters such as Pablo Picasso and Marc Chagall.

The band members came out and began tuning up. I wondered what would happen if someone would try to sell marijuana there, and then I thought I saw someone selling pounds of marijuana for \$350.

All three members of the band each lit up a joint and shared it with people in the audience. One member of the group was a woman who looked like the singer Mama Cass. She offered me her joint and told me not to mouth it. I toked it.

Some commotion began. The woman became upset and we went around back. A large light had burnt out and was lying on the floor on its side.

I saw the man again who was selling the artwork and I immediately became interested in some paintings by Chagall, but I kept saying the paintings were by Picasso. The man had several paintings, one hanging over the other. They were cheap. One large one which only cost \$35 interested me. It was a type of combination of stitching and painting.

It was folded in half and I couldn't open it all the way, but I did open it partially. It appeared to be a large bird in flight. I thought of offering \$25 for it.

Dream of: 19 October 1980 "Door Maker"

I went to the University of Rio Piedras, where I was preparing to take the Law School Admission Test. I arrived at the same place where I had taken the test on October 11, but this time the test was being given in a different building and I had a difficult time finding the room. I was carrying a blue card which had several numbers on it. The number of the room I was looking for was H-2. Finally I saw a girl and I asked her if she knew where the exam was being given. She said this was the place. I looked around, but I still didn't see any door with H-2 on it. But finally I saw it, walked in and took a seat at a table. The seat was actually more like a board, because it was only about five centimeters wide. On my left was a girl and on my right was another girl. The board in front of me stretched far away on my left, but to

my right it was only about a half meter long.

The girl on my right wore a top which made her breasts look large. I glanced at them.

I dropped a large manila envelope I was carrying on the floor and some things fell out.

Suddenly I heard a flute, turned around to my left and saw a fellow in the far corner of the room two rows behind me playing it. I was surprised to hear him playing some trills. I asked to see his flute. He had started to pull the head piece out, but then he handed the flute to me and I pushed the head piece back in. On the head piece was some kind of metal flap not normally found on a flute. The flute was heavy and weighed a lot on the head end. I put the flute to my mouth

and began playing. The notes came out and sounded all right. But the woman up front obviously was unhappy with my playing the flute and she said, "Oh yes, I heard that you had been making doors, that you had became a door maker."

I assumed she meant that my flute playing wasn't good and that I should be out making doors instead of playing the flute.

Suddenly I was sitting at a cafeteria-like table instead of in front of the board. A fellow behind me with short hair was talking English. The fellow who had handed me the flute was now sitting on my left. I handed him back his flute. He said he had bought it in Fort Lauderdale.

**Dream of: 20 October 1980
"Return From Puerto Rico"**

After returning to Portsmouth from Puerto Rico, I went to Wall's house and told him about some of my experiences in Puerto Rico. My step-grandfather Clarence was also there. I mentioned that Ramey had visited me in Puerto Rico.

It was getting late and it seemed Walls and I had been drinking some alcohol. Walls pulled out a baggie of marijuana and asked me how long it had been since I had smoked. I told him it had been over two weeks and I really didn't want to smoke. He lit up a joint, began passing it around and talked about how good it was. I told him I had smoked some good Puerto Rican marijuana with Ramey when Ramey had visited me in Puerto Rico.

We had smoked it at Fugitt's (a former high school schoolmate) house in Puerto Rico.

The joint came around to me. I took a hit and then passed it on. The joint came back and I took another hit. Suddenly I felt terrible about smoking because I had told myself I wasn't going to smoke anymore. I felt absolutely miserable.

My step-grandfather Clarence, also smoking, asked me about Ramey's visiting me in Puerto Rico.

Dream of: 21 October 1980 "Good Deed"

I had returned to Portsmouth, Ohio one Saturday and had gone folk dancing at a church where I used to folk dance. I saw Beth Griffith (a woman I had met in 1977 at folk dancing) and I asked her how she had been. When she in turn asked me how I had been, I told her that I had just returned from Mexico, that I had

been away for a month and that I was sorry to be back. I said that at least in Portsmouth, however, I could collect unemployment insurance which I wouldn't have been able to collect in Mexico.

I saw Vickie (whom I had also met at folk dancing in 1977 and who became my steady girlfriend for a few months) sweeping the floor. She had become quite overweight. She and I didn't actually look right at each other.

Everyone was fully clothed except me - I was shirtless and rather dirty.

When people began sitting down at two or three long tables, I looked for a seat for myself. I saw Vickie at one table, but I went to another table. On one side of the table was a well-dressed fellow and an attractive blonde girl. I thought about sitting in

an empty seat next to them, but instead, I sat down on the other side of the table next to Beth, who began talking incessantly.

It seemed that we were at a game show and that someone had asked a question which we all had to answer. The question was, "Name one good deed that you recently did in the morning."

I began thinking. Beth kept talking and she said that she couldn't think of anything. Exasperated by her constant prattle, I told her that a good deed she could have done would have simply been to be quiet in the morning.

For myself, I couldn't think of a single good deed which I had done. I could only think of once when I had taken my crippled brother Chris (1957-

1974) to the Scioto County fair; but that had been perhaps 15 years earlier. I simply couldn't think of anything else.

Dream of: 21 October 1980 (2) "A Fury"

I awoke at the 29th Street House and rose from bed around noon. Around 1 o'clock I walked down into the basement where I encountered Beth Griffith (a woman I had met in Portsmouth), who also seemed a little like Carolyn. We were there for a definite reason. We climbed into bed and began kissing. We quickly took off all our clothes and prepared to have sex. I rolled over on my back and she mounted me. I was ready to begin having intercourse when suddenly I heard the door slam upstairs; I heard steps on the stairs.

I feared my mother had arrived. I grabbed the sheet on the bed, threw it over top of us, and hollered out, "Mom, don't come in here. Don't come in here."

The person kept coming down the stairs until I saw she was Vickie, screaming like a fury! She looked as if she were pregnant. She said she was going to teach me. She grabbed my plaid brown and white pants off a table to throw at me and screamed, "I'll teach you!"

Dream of: 22 October 1980 "My Old Kentucky Home"

I was living in a rather dirty house in Portsmouth, Ohio with my old friend Steve Buckner and three other fellows who seemed to be from the hilltop section of Portsmouth. We were all sitting in the living room,

discussing the possibility of hiring someone to come in on Saturdays to clean the place up. Each of us could possibly chip in \$5 apiece to pay the person. During the conversation, one person would first talk and then another. I noticed that no one seemed to be paying much attention to my opinion and that I had to thrust in my words. Apparently I wasn't held in much esteem by the others. Finally we decided to hire a woman to come in once a week.

The living room was a wreck. A green rug was soiled with red spots which looked like candle wax. Under the rug stretched a splendid hard wood floor. I thought maybe we should take the rug completely out and leave only the hard wood floor.

When we heard a knock at the door,
someone opened the door and said,
"There's George."

George Musser, Ron Stevens,
Raymond Graham (former
acquaintances from my teenage years
in Portsmouth) and about seven or
eight other fellows walked in. After I
began talking with Stevens, he and I
walked to my big room in the back of
the house. The others apparently
were getting ready to smoke some
marijuana.

I left the house with a group of people
and went to the Portsmouth River
Days Festival on the levy of the Ohio
River. The festival was large and
seemed better than usual.

As I sat in a wooded area from where
I could see the hills of Kentucky

across the river, a black man playing a guitar came walking along a path in the woods, sat down near me, and continued playing. He missed a few notes but still played well; obviously he knew what he was doing. The guitar looked old and the strings looked out of order, but the music sounded good. Some others and I invited the man to join us and he did.

When we began walking in the direction of the US Grant bridge (the bridge across the Ohio River between Portsmouth and Kentucky), another black man joined our group and when we were about 30 meters from the bridge, I asked him if he was with us. I also asked the first black man if the second black man was with us and he insinuated he was, although he was unsure. Since I didn't want the

second black man with us, I said to him, "Why don't you just take off."

The black fellow with the guitar also said to the second black man, "Yea, why don't you just take off."

So the second black man left us.

We walked under the bridge and arrived at the place where people usually watched the boat races during the festival. Streams of people were all around.

It began raining hard and the water flowed off the levy and down by the river bank where the people were; but the people kept coming. I had decided to stay because the River Days Festival was still the best I had ever seen. I began thinking I should come every year.

I heard some good music in the air.
When the fellow with the guitar
began playing "My Old Kentucky
Home," I began singing along.

Dream of: 22 October 1980 (2)

"Red Panties"

I was in the living room of the Gallia County Farmhouse with a girl who seemed somewhat like Birdie and somewhat like Carolyn. She had to attend a class which was going to be held in the Farmhouse. Meanwhile she and I began rolling around on the floor together and I soon managed to take off all her clothes. We were having a good time, although we weren't actually having sex.

Since my grandmother Mabel would soon return, so the girl picked up her clothes and walked into the bathroom, but she left a pair of red

panties lying on the floor which I tried to cover with my feet. Finally Mabel walked into the room, but she immediately left. After picking up the panties, I ran over to the bathroom door, opened it and threw them in. The girl was sitting on the commode in the bathroom with her back to me. I noticed her long black hair on her back. I shut the door and returned to the living room.

Dream of: 23 October 1980

"Creating A Plot"

I was creating the plot to a story in which two soldiers were involved in an operation in which they had to swim across a river. One was carrying a great deal of money and some oxygen tanks. The other fellow was simply an assistant.

After the operation was over, the assistant reported that the other fellow had been killed by enemy troops and that the money had sunk to the bottom of the river and been lost.

As I developed the plot, I decided the assistant would then be accused of having actually killed the man himself, taken the money, buried the money and swam away with the oxygen tanks. He would have planned to return later to dig up the money and keep it for himself.

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Dream of: 26 October 1980 "Rear View Mirror"

I boarded the back seat of a car where my sister was sitting. My mother was driving up front. My

sister was wearing a pair of shorts; I put my hand between her legs and began rubbing her.

We seemed to be heading into Wheelersburg, Ohio about 15 kilometers from Portsmouth on State Route 139. When we passed a certain house, my mother said that a man named Snuffy McCane lived there and that he was the smartest man around.

Although I was worried my mother might be able to see my sister and me through the rear view mirror, I continued feeling my sister and I even unzipped her pants. I was afraid my mother might have heard the zipper, but apparently she hadn't. I stuck my hand inside my sister's pants and I began feeling around. I pulled her pants and panties on down. I thought about pulling my pants down and actually having intercourse with my

sister right there. I put both my hands between her legs and separated them. Obviously she was becoming aroused.

Suddenly my mother stopped at a stop sign, turned her head around and leaned over to see what we were doing. I immediately leaned over top my sister to cover her so my mother couldn't see anything, but my mother put her hand over the seat and felt to see if my sister's pants were down. Obviously my mother had suspected what was going on. My mother discovered my sister's pants were down; I knew immediately my mother knew what I had been doing.

Dream of: 27 October 1980 "Pies Vinculados"

I was in Portsmouth, preparing to go out with my father, my mother, Kay,

Seeley (an employee of my father) and another woman who was a girl friend of my father. My mother suddenly became upset, however, because Kay and the other woman were going, and she decided not to go. We all (except my mother) boarded a car and headed for the restaurant/bar at the Ramada Inn in Portsmouth.

I had recently had my hair cut in a burr so the hair was only about a half centimeter from the skin. I had practically no hair. I had also smeared Vaseline on my face and sprinkled baby powder all over my forehead, neck and the right and left sides of my face; but my cheeks didn't have anything on them. The powder wasn't visible in normal light - it could only be seen under a black light

where it looked like a white mask. I was quite a sight to behold.

When we walked into the Ramada Inn, I asked Kay if she could see the stuff on my face and she replied, "No, not at all."

Everybody ordered drinks and I ordered a piña colada. I really didn't want to drink anything alcoholic because I wanted to stop drinking alcohol, but I ordered the drink anyway.

All the drinks were brought to us; mine was in a tall cup only about one tenth full. I was given a glass of ice to go with the drink. I thought I might like some milk to mix with the drink, but my father's girlfriend told me I would have to buy the milk at the bar or from a vending machine.

I poured my drink over the ice. There seemed to be a great deal of the liquid - perhaps enough for two or three drinks. I became upset when I spilled some on my leg and the liquid seemed to completely soak my pants leg. I took a drink; even without milk it tasted excellent.

I stood, walked around and saw a fellow who had six or seven parrots and little birds. Their feet were tied and they were standing on the edge of the fellow's table. The birds were colorful and had intricate designs in their feathers. One was green with yellow designs.

I felt sorry for the birds. I walked up to the fellow and began talking to him in Spanish (I thought he spoke Spanish). Apparently the birds were for sale and he thought I was interested in buying them. I

mentioned the "pies vinculados" (tied feet) of the birds and told him it wasn't good for the poor birds to be tied up like that.

I walked away from him and fetched a carton of milk. By the time I returned to my table and sat down, I was becoming fairly exuberant, and when my father told me not to get carried away, I said, "Look, I know what I'm doing. I know how to drink. It's just that I become exuberant when I drink."

The fellow with the birds packed them up. When he and another fellow walked over to our table, sat down on each side of me and began talking to me, I felt as if they were suffocating me. Apparently they still thought I wanted to buy some birds, but I quickly let them know I thought their tying up the birds was terrible. The

two fellows were too close to me; they seemed to be closing in. Suddenly I jumped up, pointed at both of them and blurted, "Don't you touch me. If you so much as touch me I'm going to call the police."

I thought if I warned them with those words and if they then bothered me, they could be arrested for assault.

Both men looked as if they were ready to jump up and fight. Everyone at my table and probably everyone in the bar was astounded. No one knew what was going on.

When one of the fellows picked up a milk carton and began drinking the milk, I blurted, "And don't drink my milk."

Three milk cartons were sitting on the table - I had only bought one. The fellow looked at me defiantly and

continued drinking the milk. He poured some milk into a bottle. As I watched him, I said, "Well maybe that is your milk there."

I decided not to press the point.

Dream of: 02 November 1980 "Movie Projector"

Mike Metrinko (an American whom I had met in 1978 when he was a consul in Iran) was in a gymnasium with a group of young people and myself, and he was going to show us a movie he had made. He began the projection, but then he realized I was holding a metal light stand which he had set up as part of his equipment. He came over to me and emphatically told me not to let go until he turned off the projector. Otherwise I would be burned in two.

I held on as he slowly slowed down the projector. I felt an electric charge pulsing through me which grew in intensity. But the charge wasn't painful. I wanted to let go, but I knew if I did, I would die. I held on for what seemed to be a very long time. Finally it stopped and with a gigantic sigh of relief, I let go. I commented to him how dangerous the set up was and how any child could grab it and be killed. He came over and told me he was ready to begin again and if I wanted I could run the projector this time. I saw the projector was a hand-held affair which looked like a home movie camera. I noticed the number "20" on it and I asked him what kind it was. He didn't seem to know. He said it had only cost \$20 and that the light stand I had been holding had also cost \$20.

Instead of running the projector, I took off my clothes, got into a bed, and crawled under some covers. I felt in an awkward position because I wanted to get back up and run the projector, but there were several girls around. I picked up my pants, pulled them under the covers and began putting them on. When I had them half way up, I put my feet on the floor. As I did that, I pushed the bed (which had wheels) away from me. The cover fell off and there I stood with my butt exposed. I quickly pulled up my pants. But the girls saw me and laughed about my red face.

Then I began helping with the projector.

Dream of: 03 November 1980 "The Grandson"

While I was at the Grandview Avenue House in Portsmouth, Ohio, I was thinking of asking either Debi, Sussie, or Jane (girls whom I had known when I had been in high school in Portsmouth) for a date. Since I did not have a car, I thought I would ask my mother if I could borrow hers, and since I figured my mother already knew I was planning to ask her, I walked into the room where she was and hinted around that I wanted to use her car. She quickly informed me that she was not going to let me use it. Finally I said, "Look, I'm going to ask you once, and one time only. Can I use your car tonight?"

"No," she replied.

Her response angered me. After I walked into the back bedroom and found my old high school friend, Steve Buckner, there, I decided I was

going to take my mother to bed. I took off my clothes, walked back into the room where my mother was and brought her back into the bedroom. Although she was also nude, she still caused me difficulties because she did not want to go to bed with me. I nevertheless managed to force her into the bed between myself and Buckner, who was likewise nude.

I climbed on top of her, put my face between her legs and had a tremendous climax. I seemed to ejaculate about ten times and part of the sperm even shot into my mouth. I began thinking that I had not had an orgasm for about a week. After I finally rolled down between my mother's legs and off the bed, I stood up and looked around for something to wipe off the sperm, which had caused a real mess.

Now Steve was going to try to have sex with my mother. He had a little boy with him who looked as if he were about a year old. Steve took the little boy, stuck its head down into my mother's crotch and said, "This is your grandson. Your grandson is growing up."

I concluded that my mother somehow had had a grandson by Steve.

Dream of: 22 November 1980 "New Roof"

I was at the House in Patriot and was in the process of re-roofing the House. The first roof had apparently been destroyed by a fire. I had worked here the day before and had placed some pieces of plywood on their sides beside the House.

My grandfather Liston appeared. More than himself, he looked like a

small, fragile, little old man I had recently seen on a an episode of the "Mission Impossible" television series. He asked me if I had left the plywood outside. I said I had and he became angry. He said it would be warped. We walked outside where the three pieces of plywood were standing. Two were all right but one was terribly warped. But I then realized the warped board was an old burnt piece which had been taken off the House and was no good anyway. I knocked it over and pointed out to Liston how charred and black it was.

Dream of: 22 November 1980 (2) "Unchained Hog"

I was behind a garage which vaguely reminded me of a garage behind my sister's house. I was looking at my bicycle which was fastened by a lock for which I had lost the key. I picked

up a rock and pounded the lock. Part of the lock broke off and scattered in different directions, but the lock was still fastening the bike. I searched the ground and finally found a spring which had snapped out of the lock. At first I was unsure the spring had come from the lock because the spring was tinted green as if from corrosion; but I decided the spring was indeed from the lock.

I gave up and walked over to a large nearby grocery store. Inside, I saw my father and a lady with him standing in line. I didn't approach him at first – I waited until he was outside, then I walked out and stopped him. I told him I had lost my key and that the lock was stuck on the bike. I knew he had a key that he might lend me. He handed me his key.

He then walked back to my bike with me. When we reached the bike, we not only found the bike, but a large hog which belonged to my father. I told my father the hog didn't have a chain and might run away. He said it would be OK, that hogs usually didn't run away, even when they weren't chained.

A pile of corn was nearby; I told my father I would give an ear of the corn to the hog.

Dream of: 23 November 1980 "Ugly Women"

I walked into a Hare Krishna temple where I thought some classes were to be given. I wanted to study, but I had arrived at the wrong hour.

After entering, I encountered a long line of about fifty women wearing the Hare Krishna type clothing. As I

walked along the line, one girl accompanied me, and I said to her, "All these women are so ugly. Every one of them."

The girl became very angry and said, "You shouldn't say every one of them."

Dream of: 23 November 1980 (2) **"High School Event"**

I had gone to an event at Notre Dame High School in Portsmouth where I encountered my sister. She had earlier been with her husband, my brother-in-law James, but now she couldn't find him.

When the event at the high school had ended, my sister and I rolled together down the little hill in front of the school and I became quite aroused. A lion passed near us twice as we rolled down the hill. Finally we

came to a stop, lay together in the grass and I began biting my sister's breast through her blouse.

We stood and walked to my vehicle which wasn't really a car; it consisted of nothing more than two chairs, one in front of the other. I sat down in the one in front and my sister sat behind me. On the side of my chair was a lever which functioned like a gear shift. I pushed it down and the chairs began to move.

A table was in front of us. I had my hands free and began pushing it. We moved along and soon came to the street which leads over the reservoir in Portsmouth. We turned there and I continued sitting on my chair and pushing the table. It was a difficult job for me to push the table up over the reservoir. Finally I decided to park the table at the left side of the

street (which was very narrow). I parked under a small tree which extended from the curb out into the street and then I continued on walking.

I finally reached the top of the reservoir where I discovered I was actually in the attic of the Gay Street House. My sister was still with me and she was searching for her car (a black 1960 Ford Falcon) until she realized James had taken the car.

I wanted to tell her I didn't approve of her marriage to James. I had never said anything because I wanted to see how the marriage would turn out. At the moment he was employed working in a fair booth and we both knew it wasn't a good job. I thought maybe now my sister would begin to see the light, but I was still unsure I would tell her what I thought. I began

to think maybe she and I could have some sexual activity there in the attic since no one else was around.

Dream of: 23 November 1980 (3)

"Short Stories"

I was supposed to give a talk in front of a group of people; I thought my great-aunt Dorothy would be in the group. I was supposed to have memorized some short stories from a book which looked like a Reader's Digest. I had memorized part of the stories, but still I was unprepared to recite from memory, and I decided to simply read the selections instead. I also considered reciting some poems which I had memorized; but I likewise had doubts about doing that.

As I pondered my dilemma, I was sitting on a commode in a toilet. I had just finished defecating and was

wiping my butt, when suddenly the door opened and Diane (my second cousin by marriage) walked in. I thought she would leave when she saw me; but instead she closed the door behind her and stayed. Although somewhat overweight, she was still quite attractive. I was immediately sexually aroused. She looked at me, clearly able to see my pubic hairs.

When I told her the smell in the room was probably bad, she said it was unimportant. She stepped toward the shower and sat down on a chair inside the shower stall, leaving the shower curtain open.

I stood up. My pants were still around my knees and my penis was completely visible. I had an erection. I told her it didn't bother me if she saw me. I pulled on the door to make sure it was locked. She in turn said it

didn't bother her if I saw her and she began to unbutton her pants.

Dream of: 23 November 1980 (4) "English School"

It was about 7:40 Tuesday morning when I arrived at the Benedict English School (where I had been teaching English in San Juan, Puerto Rico) and found Brian Morris (a Portsmouth acquaintance) there alone. Mr. Padial (the head of the school) hadn't yet arrived and I decided to call him on the telephone. I simply told him I was at the school and I asked him if it were necessary for me to call him when I arrived. But then I thought of course it wasn't necessary for me to call him since Pitts (my father's secretary) never called my father when she arrived at the office and he hadn't yet arrived.

I began talking with Morris. I saw some plastic things behind him which looked like toys. They were small and were hanging from a table. They were

all tied together with a cord. There were about 20 boxes of these plastic things and they were many different colors. I asked Morris about them and he said he had won them in a game.

They cost 25 cents apiece. He only needed one more and then he would be able to win a lot of money.

Some other people walked into the room. I saw a young blonde-haired lady who was also an English teacher.

But I didn't speak to her. Then Hidalia (an acquaintance who was a teacher at the school) arrived and I began talking with her. At first I spoke English, but then I spoke with her in Spanish. I could see the

blonde-haired young lady could also speak Spanish.

Dream of: 23 November 1980 (5) "Obtaining College Credits"

Bill Johnson (a former classmate), Stevens (a former acquaintance), Tom Smith and I were riding along in a car through the streets of Portsmouth. We began talking about a girl who I first thought was Stevens' wife. But then I realized I was mistaken and the girl was Johnson's girlfriend. I had know the girl when I had gone to Grant Junior High School, but I hadn't seen her in many years. Johnson said he hadn't seen the girl in 6 months. I asked where she had been and was told she had been on a shopping trip in another city. We decided to visit her.

We arrived at her house, which had some cement steps in front. Stevens and Johnson stood on the cement porch in front of the door while I stood behind Smith on the steps. When the girl opened the door, she was unable to see Smith and me. I thought when she saw us she would be startled to see so many people had arrived at her house at such an inopportune time of the night. She seemed happy to see Stevens and Johnson and invited them in. When I also walked up to the door, she didn't seem startled to see me; I said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

She answered, "Yes, I know who you are."

She seemed somewhat overweight. I walked in; Smith and the other two fellows followed. Everything in the house looked pleasant. We walked

into a neat and commodious living room and found two other girls. One was lying stretched out on the varnished hard wood floor. Her breasts were uncovered; but her breasts seemed ugly and didn't attract me.

We all sat down; I sat on the floor next to the girl. Someone said we had some marijuana we could smoke. The girls were happy to hear that. At first they thought I had the marijuana, but I didn't have any. It was Johnson who had considerable marijuana. He gave a baggie of marijuana to one of the girls and then pulled out a second baggie full of marijuana. He rolled some joints and when he finished, I was afraid he would ask me if I had any marijuana. I didn't want to tell him I had flushed some down the toilet that very day.

We began watching something on television. I was smoking a cigarette and was flipping my ashes in an ashtray. I then sat down next to Johnson and asked to see his baggie of marijuana. He handed it to me; it weighed about half an ounce. I said, "Well, you sure have enough. do you think you can sell me \$10 worth?"

He replied, "No, I don't."

The girls had poured probably a half kilogram of marijuana out onto the floor and divided it up into two piles.

Someone had also separated the seeds from the marijuana into a separate pile. I sat down on the floor and began playing with the seeds, moving them from one place to another. There was now some carpet on the floor, and as I moved the seeds about, some were left in the carpet.

Johnson pulled out a letter which he had received from Smith. The letter had about four pages which looked like wall advertisements. They had a little picture on them and described an examination which was to be given in Germany. The exams were for obtaining college credits. At the bottom of each page (written in German) were the instructions for taking the exams. It also said who sponsored the program.

One of the exams was for Spanish. The announcements were in different colors. One was red, another blue and a third one was green.

Being able to simply take exams for college credits seemed like a good program. The cost was also minimal. The government ought to have such programs, but I knew the funds for such programs didn't exist. I thought

if funds were limited, such a program could at least be run until the money ran out. At least then some people could take advantage of it.

Dream of: 23 November 1980 (6) "Underground Chambers"

I was in a college or high school library. I pulled out a folding bed by the door and lay down on it. A girl walked up and sat on the edge of the bed. Then she lay down beside me and put her arms around me. The girl then left and found herself trapped in some underground chambers. She was running trying to escape from a man. But the man caught her and killed her.

Dream of: 26 November 1980 "Broken Glass In The Snow"

Rembert Glass (an old college professor) and I were standing beside

Rembert's car in a spot where we had pulled up on a little dead-end dirt road in the country. Since the road was muddy, I was concerned Rembert's car might become stuck.

I had a pile of rocks, some bright and pretty; I told Rembert he could toss my rocks in the mud puddles so his car wouldn't get stuck (even though I didn't want to use them for that purpose). I walked away for a moment and when I turned back, Rembert was busily throwing the rocks into the mud puddles. I walked over and began helping him.

Beside the road Rembert had been building a log cabin in which he apparently was going to live. He had already laid four logs, one for each wall. In the middle of the logs he had built a large fire and nearby had stacked some piles of wood which he

had chopped for the fire. I walked up to the fire and said to Rembert, "You know, it's a shame you have such a large fire going when there's no one else around."

He said that was OK because that was what it was for.

My mother unexpectedly walked up and began discussing with Rembert another house nearby and how it could be remodeled. When she had finished talking with Rembert, she and I left together.

She and I soon boarded a plane with my father. I didn't want to stay on the plane, however, and I was able to get off. I walked off down the road, intending to go to my one-room Cabin I had built on the Farm. As I walked along the road, my father's plane landed near me and he jumped out.

He was angry; he said I was going with him whether I liked it or not. I told him I wasn't going to go. He wanted to fight and said he would kill me if I didn't go with him. I prepared to defend myself; I slung my fist and lightly hit him on the jaw. My mother stopped him from fighting.

I escaped down the road, where I saw a row of houses. I slipped behind one; I thought I would circle around behind the house and my father would never be able to find me.

Snow was on the ground and I noticed footprints in it. Inside the footprints were pieces of broken glass and broken jars. The snow and glass were red with blood.

Dream of: 27 November 1980 "Big Gob Of Worms"

Around 8 a.m. I awoke in the Gallia County Farmhouse. Around 8:30 I walked outside and played football and around 9:30, my mother called me back inside. I walked back into the Farmhouse, went to the bathroom and sat down on the commode. My mother walked into the bathroom and asked me to open a small can of spray deodorant for her. I had just finished defecating and asked her if she minded if I wiped first. When she said I had to open the can first, I responded, "No, I have to wipe first."

I went ahead and wiped. When I had finished, I didn't bother to pull my pants up; I just sat on the commode completely exposed. My mother handed me the can and left the bathroom while I was still holding the can. After I had twisted the can open, my mother walked back into the

bathroom and I handed the can to her. She left and I pulled my pants back up.

After I walked out of the bathroom, I decided I wanted to go fishing. I walked outside to the field beside the Farmhouse and I began digging for worms with a mattock, but I couldn't seem to find any worms. My step-grandfather Clarence and my brother Adolph were also in the field digging worms. They were turning over piles of manure and having great success.

After they stopped, I began turning over piles of manure, but I still didn't find any worms. Finally I turned over a pile of manure and found a big gob of worms all together. I picked them up, held them in my hands and said, "Just look at that."

Clarence said, "Well how about that. "

After I threw the worms in a bucket. I asked Clarence and Adolph where they were going to go fishing and they said they were going to someplace called "Maple Grove." They didn't invite me but I didn't really want to go to Maple Grove anyway.

Dream of: 27 November 1980 (2)

"On The Couch"

I was sitting on a couch; Wandelisa (an acquaintance from Puerto Rico) sat down on the arm of the couch next to me. She sat so close to me our cheeks were actually touching. She turned her head around toward me so our mouths seemed to fit together and we kissed. I was surprised and although I thought we should stop kissing, I didn't. I thought Wandelisa's mother was also lying on the couch and I thought we should

stop because of her. But Wandelisa's mother's head was turned in such a way so she didn't see us. Wandelisa didn't want to stop so we continued.

Dream of: 27 November 1980 (3)

"Sleeping At Work"

I had been hired to work in a government agency to check something like tires. I went to work the first day at an office which seemed to be located in Chillicothe, Ohio. In the office I found three other people - a man who was running the office and two women who appeared to be secretaries. One of the secretaries looked like a woman I had known when I worked at the Census Bureau and the man reminded me of Cotton Mauntel (an acquaintance from Chillicothe). Since there was nothing for me to do, I just lay down on the bed and went to sleep. I was

supposed to work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. After a while, someone woke me, said it was time to go and that they would see me tomorrow. I thought it was only about 4 p.m. But they showed me a clock that said 5:30. I got up out of bed and they said I should be there tomorrow at 8 a.m. I began thinking that tomorrow I was going to try to find a desk because I didn't want to just come to work every day and go to sleep in a bed.

Dream of: 27 November 1980 (4) "Coat Room"

I was on about the fourth floor of a large building which seemed to be on a college campus. I wanted to leave the building, but I didn't know how to get out. I opened many doors, but couldn't find the right one. Finally I found a door at the back of the building which led outside to a fire

escape. I opened it and stuck my foot out.

A television set was sitting on the fire escape. It was rusted on the top. I began thinking that someone had probably been trying to steal the television set and had left it there on the fire escape.

A hole was in the floor of the fire escape for a ladder. There were also stairs going down. When I stuck my foot out, I almost fell through the hole. I pulled my foot back in. I looked around and found some stairs inside and descended them. I reached the bottom floor and saw a group of people. A coat room was here and the back door of the coat room was open.

I looked in there and saw a woman hanging up a mink stole. I thought it would be possible for someone to steal the stole. A person could walk in

the back door while the attendant was busy up front and steal the stole.

I thought it was probably worth thousands of dollars. Then I saw some other people in the back of the coat room. Among them was a black woman.

I walked on around to the front of the coat room. There I found a large group of very elegantly dressed people. I saw musical instruments hanging on the walls. I saw violins and violas. I thought there was obviously going to be a concert and these were the people who were going to play in the concert. This was the excitement before the concert.

I stood next to a well dressed man. Another person came along and was preparing to take a picture of the people here. I then realized I didn't

even have a shirt on and I felt ashamed. I left out the back door.

Dream of: 28 November 1980 "Drug Addiction Clinic"

I had gone from Puerto Rico to Miami, Florida and was sitting at a table in a rather large restaurant. A long line of people was waiting to get into the restaurant, but the people had been stopped from entering for some reason. Suddenly the gate was opened and the people streamed in.

Some girls were dancing on the dance floor in the restaurant and I began thinking I might like to dance with one.

A young man sitting to my right had ordered himself a beefsteak. Another man walked up and sat down with him and it appeared they had a luncheon date. When the second man

sat down, I thought he looked as if he were from someplace like Sweden. After the second fellow had seated himself, he said, "Al menos podemos hablar espanol."

I thought that he probably didn't speak English, but that he could speak a little Spanish. But he didn't speak Spanish well. The first fellow however spoke Spanish well. The second fellow then asked, "Cuando vas a volver a Ohio?"

The first fellow said, "Hoy."

Apparently the first fellow was from Ohio. I thought about asking him something, but I didn't. Instead I rose and walked outside. I was carrying a brown paper bag filled with something. I wanted to return to Puerto Rico and I needed to catch a bus to the airport. But I didn't know

which bus to take. I walked a couple blocks down the street to a place where I knew there was a bus stop. I walked up to a man standing there and asked, "Sabes cual guagua debo tomar al aeropuerto?"

He stopped me and said, "You shouldn't say 'cual' when you're talking about a thing like that."

He then just walked away. I thought my grammar had been correct, but I pondered whether it would have been proper to have said, "Sabe 'que' guagua" instead of "'cual' guagua." I walked up to another man and asked him the same question. He answered in English and I suddenly thought, "I'm in Miami. I'm in Florida. I should be talking English and not Spanish."

I then decided to call Hidalia Velazquez (a Puerto Rican

acquaintance) before I left and I used a nearby phone booth to call her from. She told me she had to give a talk at a drug addiction clinic at 10 o'clock that night. She asked me if I would like to go with her. She said she was taking another friend with her. She had been invited to give a speech. She asked me if they had those kind of things in the United States and I said sure. She asked me if I would like to go and I said I would like to.

Dream of: 29 November 1980 "Fall From A Ledge"

It was as if I were watching a movie and at the same time as if I were the main actor. I was in a building and wanted to go from one part to the other, but the only way I could get there was to go out on a ledge and feel my way along the ledge until I

reached another part of the building.

It was dangerous. I had done it before. But I suddenly realized once I was out on the ledge that I hadn't done it in a long time.

There was much danger that I might fall. I saw several wasps nests and

wasps. I was terribly afraid I was going to put my hand a wasp. I knew if a wasp stung me, I would definitely fall. I made it over to the other side. I saw some people down below and I waved to them and wished them well.

They were leaving. They left.

A short time later I came back with them in a group on the ground below.

We found the person who had been up on the ledge lying dead on the ground. He had fallen from the ledge.

Dream of: 30 November 1980
"Extrasensory Perception"

Walls and I were at his house in Portsmouth watching television. A commercial came on about baby diapers. It vividly showed the changing of baby diapers and the feces on the diapers. It showed a man wiping off the feces with toilet paper.

Walls' child was in the room with us and we had been watching it most of the day. All at once in started talking.

It was a little girl. I was quite astounded to hear her talking, since I hadn't known she could talk. She said something about babies being able to tell something about a person just by the way they walked across the room.

I asked her if she knew what "extrasensory perception" was. She said, "No."

I said, "Well, you have five senses. You know what a sense is?"

She said, "Yes."

I asked, "Well, how many senses do you have?"

She didn't know. I told her she had five senses. I told her if she had extrasensory perception, she could receive information through a sense beyond those five senses.

Walls told me to be still because after I left he was going to get bombarded with questions if I didn't.

Dream of: 03 September 1981 (2) "Misconception"

I was wandering around in Shawnee park in Scioto County, Ohio, found an old car and got into it. I looked around inside the car and found a sack full of money under the seat. I began counting the money and realized there were thousands of

dollars. I turned on the radio and heard a report about a robbery in which the exact amount of money that I had found had been stolen. I immediately deduced the money I had found was the money which had been stolen.

I sat awhile and then stepped out of the car. I then saw a giant bear and some other kind of animal which looked like a lion. I watched as the bear snooped around the car, then ran down the hill toward the lion and attacked it.

The sheriff showed up. He was checking after the wild animals. He asked me what I was doing here. I told him I had just been sitting in the car. And then I told him I had found the money and I gave it to him. He took it and told me that was the best thing I could have done. I said, "Well,

I could have kept it. There's no way you would have known if I would have kept it."

He replied, "That's probably right, but then you would have been a hypocrite for the rest of your life."

I then returned to Portsmouth. I went to Walls' house and told Walls and his wife Connie about what had happened. It was Saturday and I told him that Sunday I had to go back to the police station. Walls asked Connie if she wanted to go down to the police station with me. But the only thing she was interested in was going out into the woods to see the bear.

Dream of: 30 November 1980 (5) "Carrying A Purse At The Mall"

Clifford and I were talking together on the third or fourth floor of a large department store in a mall. Clifford

was seated at one end of a long bench and I was at the other end. I was only wearing underwear and a tee-shirt. I had two blankets with me; I also had a woman's purse.

Mike Spencer (a high school schoolmate) showed up and walked up and down in front of the bench telling Clifford a dirty joke. But he didn't say anything to me. Then he left.

Clifford and I talked for a while longer. He apparently was waiting for Peggy to show up and he talked about Peggy. Finally Clifford also left.

I began thinking I would like to write a letter to Peggy. I was already writing to someone else, but I couldn't remember who. Suddenly, however, I remembered I had been

writing to Wandelisa (an acquaintance I met in Puerto Rico).

Some young girls were nearby. The way one was standing, I was able to see her bare breasts. I couldn't help but look. I also looked down an escalator and could see the breasts of a woman going down the escalator.

I finally decided I needed to leave because I wasn't wearing any pants. Moreover, I still had the purse, which a woman had left with me. I wrapped the purse up in one of the blankets, put the other blanket over top of it and prepared to leave.

I would descend to the next floor and there buy a pair of pants. I did that and then left. I then went to the bottom floor of the store and then outside onto a large parking lot. Snow was all about.

My step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel were here; I began looking for their blue Cadillac. I walked around to the other side of the building looking for the car.

Dream of: 01 December 1980 "Mauvais"

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio telling Bates (a former high school classmate) about some of my dreams. I spoke with him about the word "bad" and then about the French word "mauvais". I told Bates I had once had a dream in which I had been talking to him about the word "mauvais"- and now in reality I was talking with him about it. I told him many things which I had previously dreamed were now actually happening in reality.

I encountered another fellow who reminded me of someone I used to know in Columbus, Ohio who had had a deformed hand. This fellow called himself something like Mike Watson.

Bates and I decided to go to the Holiday Inn in Rosemount, Ohio. We walked there and went inside. It was very dark inside; at first I was unable to see anything. A small red light in the room didn't help any. I heard other people in the room; they could see because their eyes were accustomed to the dark.

A band was playing softly. I thought Steve Buckner was there somewhere. I hollered out, "Buckner" and he answered saying, "Ja".

Almost immediately Buckner was standing by my side. He guided me to his table. I couldn't walk well because

I couldn't see well. Bates and Buckner helped me over to the table. I then encountered the fellow called Mike Watson again. Mark Tindall was also there. Mike Watson was standing and

Tindall was seated. I shook hands with Tindall. I thought Tindall might have some marijuana; I thought about asking him, but I didn't.

I couldn't remember Mike Watson's name and he said, "I'm Mike Watson."

I was happy to see him and I responded, "Yes, I remember."

Buckner looked as if he were intoxicated. He asked me if I had drunk any alcohol. I said, "A little, but very little."

I had drunk a little alcohol, but I wasn't intoxicated like Buckner.

Dream of: 02 December 1980

"Teaching Of Christ"

I was sitting with a fellow and a girl having a discussion about the bible. I did not agree with what the girl said, and to establish my point, I cited something I had read from the bible. I said that Christ had said something like, "You should not store treasures on earth. You should not keep things made of metal because they will turn to rust. Nor should you store things made of cloth because the moths will eat them. It is better to store things in the heavenly kingdom."

I then began trying to locate the quote in the bible. I had a concordance with me and I began looking for the word "rust" which I thought was the key word.

Meanwhile the fellow stood and decided to leave. He did not want to wait until I found the passage. I said, "Wait, Don't you want to hear her eat her words when I show her exactly where the passage is?"

Dream of: 03 December 1980 "Slashed Testicles"

I was in an Asiatic country, maybe Japan or China. Apparently I had been captured and was being held with some other Americans as a prisoner of war. But I still had a certain freedom of movement and I went out one morning to a Chinaman's house. He was apparently the commander of the place and I wanted to talk with him. But he wasn't there.

I realized I shouldn't be here. Another American was with me. As soon as we had a chance, we ran out of the house

and hid in a little building which seemed more or less like a dog house.

We waited in the little house for a while and I tried to think of a way to get back to where we had come from.

The people here were very violent.

I waited a long time. I thought that apparently the American who was with me lived in this little house. I stared at him and told him to keep quiet so no one would realize two of us were in the little house.

Suddenly a strong-looking Asiatic character walked up to the house, reached his hand (which was clutching a knife) inside, and slashed my leg all the way around from one side to the other. Then he made a second slash and the second slash cut right across my testicles. I thought perhaps he had actually cut my testicles off. Apparently he had been

ordered to cut one of my legs off and he was now performing his duty. I just sat as if I were in a state of shock, but I didn't feel any pain. I was in a state of shock at losing one of my legs and possibly one of my testicles at the same time.

Dream of: 04 December 1980 "Midnight Flute Playing"

Around midnight I began playing my flute. I played about 10 minutes before I realized it was late at night and I shouldn't be playing now. My realization was a little late -- I could hear people moving around and I knew I had awakened the whole neighborhood. I put up my flute, turned out the light and went to bed.

I hoped no damage had been done. But suddenly I heard someone in the hall banging something which sounded like a drum and I knew

people were upset because I had been playing my flute at that time of night.

Dream of: 16 December 1980

"Turning Professional"

Around 7 a.m. Mike Saxby (a British national I had met while traveling in Mexico) and I had gone to a music store where someone had given us permission to play music. After we had sat down, Mike played the guitar and I played the flute. We thought, if we would play music together for five hours each day, we could turn into professional musicians and do the kind of work we liked. Mike said there was no other kind of work he would rather do. I agreed, but I told him I was more interested in writing songs than in actually playing music. Mike said he wasn't interested in writing songs himself.

A little later a black girl showed up. She was upset because we had had a key and had entered the store while nobody was there. She said that wasn't allowed. I told her we had been there the day before and had talked with the store's owner, who had given us permission to play music there. She said it was all right for us to stay there for the present, but either she or we would have to talk with the manager later to find out what the situation really was.

Perhaps 60 people, especially girls, showed up and sat all around. Up until then, Mike and I had just been practicing, but now I told him we needed to begin playing some pieces we knew. Some pieces we knew, but some pieces we didn't.

Mike began playing the guitar and he sounded pretty good. Suddenly a

fellow behind me began playing a flute which was quite pretty and seemed to be made out of something like transparent fiberglass. The flute music sounded beautiful. After listening to the flute music, I didn't want to play my flute because I thought mine sounded terrible.

I asked the flutist if I could see his flute for a minute. He took my flute and I took his. When I had his flute in my hand, it looked like a regular flute.

At first it looked new, but when I looked at it more closely it looked all twisted and bent. Apparently that was the way the flutist wanted it. When he said he had just bought the flute, I asked him how much he had paid and he said \$695.

He began playing my flute and it sounded much better than when I had been playing it.

The embouchure of his flute was turned in such a way so it was parallel to the wall instead of the floor. I tried to blow on it, but I had difficulty. He said he realized playing the flute that way was difficult, but he said that he had been taught to play that way since he had first begun playing and that that was the correct way to play.

He asked me if I had any kind of music which I had written. I said, "No, not really."

He asked, "Nothing?"

I replied that I had only written some small pieces, but really not much of anything. I tried to think of something original which I had written.

**Dream of: 18 December 1980
"Collage Of A Soldier"**

I seemed to be watching myself crawling around in front of a building. I wanted to enter the building, but a woman inside was firing a gun at me and preventing my entry. The building was primarily made of foggy type of glass through which I couldn't see well. When she shot at me, the bullet made a hole through two or three panes of glass which separated us. I looked through the bullet hole, but I still couldn't see inside well.

I likewise had a gun and I fired a shot back at her. She fired a couple more shots at me. Another person appeared who I knew was going to try to help me subdue the woman. Finally, I managed to go through the door. I held my gun on her. She had a little black gun which wasn't in her hand, but rather held between her chest

and chin. When I entered, she let go of the gun. It fell and I grabbed it.

She was a thin, frail, old woman (about 80 years old). I grabbed her and jerked her out of the room.

Apparently she had been sewing something. Three cloth pillows lay on the desk. She jabbered about something unintelligibly. I definitely knew her. She almost seemed like a relative. I just threw her out and told her she had to get out of here. She was highly indignant at the whole affair.

Standing in front of the building, I realized I was a sheriff in my office. Next to the building was a big court house. I looked up at it and in one of the upper windows I could see about a half dozen men in robes who were apparently judges staring down at us.

They had very somber faces. I

wondered what those men thought and whether they were pleased with the way I had handled things, or displeased because I hadn't actually arrested the woman. Behind them on one of the walls I could see several pictures and collages. One was of a soldier.

Dream of: 22 December 1980 "Havoc"

My old friend Steve Buckner (whom I first met in 1967 when we attended the tenth grade together) and I had enlisted in a branch of the army. We received orders to travel to the interior of Russia in a large boat down a river. We sailed down the river and when we reached our destination, we briefly met several high ranking Russian officers. We then traveled back out and when we reached the ocean, we saw many

large Russian ships on the horizon. We concluded that the United States had erred and deployed many of its forces in the interior of the continent, while Russia had assembled a massive navy on the ocean. Clearly, if a war were to begin, Russia would now have an unhindered hand to attack the United States.

I mentioned it was too bad we hadn't become better acquainted with the high ranking Russian officers we had met. If a war broke out, the United States would probably lose and we would lose our lives, but if we had known the Russian officers, we could have joined the Russian army as low ranking soldiers in some obscure battalion and survived.

We traveled on to the United States and disembarked at a seaside city. We walked along the streets and talked

about how Russia wouldn't even have to use atomic weapons -- Russia could just fly in its planes and begin strafing the American cities with conventional bombs.

Many buildings around us had already apparently been hit by bombs and many were on fire. Apparently war had already broken out. Fire trucks were in the streets. The whole scene was havoc. People were running in all directions and apparently some people had fallen out of buildings. Buckner was trying to reach a certain place which I thought might be his home where he wanted to go, but the place turned out to only be a mailbox. Buckner had simply wanted to pick up his mail.

I asked him if he had received a letter from me. He said he hadn't, but that he had received one earlier. He

pulled out some envelopes from the mailbox which contained some pictures. He laid two of the pictures on a table. He had recently had his picture taken and he was trying to decide which one to buy. The pictures were very dark and I couldn't distinguish the features very well. He chose one which was very idiotic looking.

Dream of: 23 December 1980 "Lesson In A Church"

In Puerto Rico, wearing a blue corduroy sports jacket which I used to own, I walked into the back of a church where I found myself standing on a stage in an auditorium. A couple people were sitting to the right of the stage and one person was being taught English. I watched as a series of three different teachers came along and taught the person. The first

teacher didn't do a very good job, but the last male teacher did an excellent job of teaching. Dressed rather elegantly, he had graying hair and looked as if he might have been around 60 years old. He seemed to have a refined way of doing things and as I watched him, I thought how much he seemed to resemble myself.

I thought, "That might be me when I'm an old man. I might be reduced to teaching again someday."

After I walked back to a more elevated platform at the back of the stage and sat down, another person began teaching English to a little group of people which included an attractive girl. She left the group, walked to the back of the stage, and sat down to my right, about a meter away.

One of the teachers asked me to turn up a tape player lying on the floor and being used in the English lessons. After I stood up to turn up the tape player, however, a priest abruptly came walking down the stairs and said that things were getting a little noisy. He said to turn the tape player down. While I was uncertain what to do, the teacher himself walked over and turned up the tape player.

When I sat back down, I sat right next to the girl. Since I could tell that she was attracted to me, I put my arm around her, snuggled up close to her and said, "Well, how long have you been down here?"

She answered, "About two and a half years."

She said she had come down to Puerto Rico with Brian Morris (an

acquaintance whom I met folk dancing at a church in Portsmouth, Ohio in 1977). I asked, "You came down with Brian?"

Suddenly I realized that Brian Morris was the teacher who had turned up the tape player. I said, "That's impossible. I just saw him about three months ago in Portsmouth."

When she said that Brian had been there in Puerto Rico all that time, I began thinking, "Are there two Brian Morrises?"

Apparently she had been living with Brian, whom I then saw walking near us. It bothered me that I had my arm around the girl in front of Brian, but I thought, "Well, maybe I'll just take her away from Brian."

I was also thinking I would have to talk with Brian to find out when he

had actually arrived in Puerto Rico. I thought I would also ask him if he now spoke Spanish.

Dream of: 23 December 1980 (2)

"Beauty Contest"

While I was sitting with Carolyn in a car in Portsmouth, she told me she had entered a beauty contest. She pointed to her bright red shirt, talked about how pretty it was and how it would help her. I said, "Well, you are beautiful, but there's only one thing."

I reached over, clasped her about the stomach and said, "You're going to have to lose some weight."

She said no, she didn't want to lose weight. She didn't even want to talk about it. So we stopped talking.

I had my arms around her and I held her close. My hand was still on her

stomach and I was ready to slip it inside her pants, but she stopped me and said she didn't want me to now.

Dream of: 26 December 1980 "Picking Up A Penny"

As some other fellows and I were doing some difficult manual labor, one fellow told me he was going to smoke a marijuana joint; he asked me if I wanted to smoke with him. I told him I would meet him soon. I had decided not to smoke anymore, but I decided to go with him anyway.

I was wearing my jogging shorts and shirt. I climbed on a bicycle and began riding. I stopped at a bank and walked in to get a drink of water.

When I saw Shaw (a former junior high schoolmate) working as a teller, I smiled and said to him, "Hello."

I wanted to talk with him and tell him I was going to start to law school, but his window was crowded and I was in a hurry, so I left.

Outside, I saw a girl who looked like a girl who used to live in the German House (a house in Columbus, Ohio where I had lived for a few months in 1976). I said hello to her and she told me her name was Milly. I asked her how she was doing.

I walked on down the street and saw the fellow with whom I was supposed to smoke the joint. I told him I had decided I didn't want to smoke.

I saw a penny lying on the sidewalk, picked it up and walked away.

Dream of: 27 December 1980
"Next To An Abby"

I had already handed in my resignation at the Benedict English School (where I had been teaching English in Puerto Rico). But then I reconsidered and decided it might be better if I continued teaching here for about three hours a day. I could use an extra \$15. I thought perhaps with an extra \$15 a day I could buy some

new clothes. I was also thinking perhaps I could do some selling work for Benedict. But then I thought I would need some extra training for that and it didn't seem as if they had the time at the moment to train me.

I was in a stadium and had a big sack into which I had put my clothes. But I had taken all my clothes out of the sack and they now lay scattered on the bleachers around me. Apparently I was sleeping. A policeman showed up and wanted to know what I was

doing here. I began trying to pick up my clothes and put them into my sack. Suddenly he said, "Sit up straight."

He seemed to want me to sit as if I were at attention like a soldier. I did so. He told me to keep staring. I did so and suddenly I shook. He looked right in my eye and said, "Your problem is that you're an alcoholic."

I asked, "Well, is there anything that can help me?"

I told him I didn't have anywhere to stay. He told me to gather up my belongings and that he was going to take me to a place where alcoholics stayed. I asked, "Well, will it be safe there to sleep?"

He said it would be safe to sleep there and that it was next door to an abbey.

Dream of: 27 December 1980 (2)

"Overnight Cafe"

I was with two women, one of whom was Elaine (who had been my supervisor when I had worked as a photographer in 1975). The three of us stopped in a little cafe on Route 23 near Lucasville, Ohio. We all sat down together and they ordered three beers. I walked away from them and sat down with someone else for a few minutes and talked with another fellow.

Carver (a former high school schoolmate) and several other fellows walked up and wanted to talk with the two women. Carver began arguing with two of the other fellows and Carver hit them both. His punches were executed so well, he looked as if he were in a movie. The two fellows backed off and then

another fellow wanted to get involved in the fight. Both Carver and the other fellow were wearing braces on their teeth. They didn't hit each other, but they began arguing and swinging their arms around without actually making contact.

Meanwhile the two women and I finished our beers. I walked to the counter and ordered three more. Another fellow threw some money and apparently he was going to pay for the beer. He paid for the two beers for the women. So I just ordered one for me. The three beers were then brought to my table. I walked back and talked to the women and asked them if they were ready to go. They said they were.

Before we left, I walked over and tried to break up the argument between Carver and the other fellow.

I said, "Look. If you hit each other, you might do thousands of dollars worth of damage to your dental work."

They both just laughed. They thought that was ridiculous.

We didn't leave, but spent the night there instead. I woke up the next morning sitting beside one of the girls. She was bumping into me telling me to move over because I was so close to her. When she did that, I woke up, began looking around and saw everyone still there who had been there the night before. They were sleeping in the little booths. The sun was up. I woke the girls up and we prepared to leave.

Dream of: 27 November 1980 (3)
"Sleeping At Work"

I had been hired to work in a government agency to check something like tires. I went to work the first day at an office which seemed to be located in Chillicothe, Ohio. In the office I found three other people - a man who was running the office and two women who appeared to be secretaries. One of the secretaries looked like a woman I had known when I worked at the Census Bureau and the man reminded me of Cotton Mauntel (an acquaintance from Chillicothe). Since there was nothing for me to do, I just lay down on the bed and went to sleep. I was supposed to work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. After a while, someone woke me, said it was time to go and that they would see me tomorrow. I thought it was only about 4 p.m. But they showed me a clock that said 5:30. I got up out of bed and they said I

should be there tomorrow at 8 a.m. I began thinking that tomorrow I was going to try to find a desk because I didn't want to just come to work every day and go to sleep in a bed.

Dream of: 30 December 1980

"Dark Indian Designs"

I was with some people in a log cabin in the woods. An encampment was about fifty meters below us. We had been living it up and making considerable noise. Apparently the people at the encampment called the forest police to come and control us. We had also been using some drugs.

Four policemen came: Altizer, an older woman, an older man and an Indian. They joined in with us. Altizer and the Indian had some cocaine which they began using. Altizer also took some LSD. I then put on the

Indian's leather jacket and found some tin foil in the left pocket. Inside the tin foil was some cocaine which looked like orange tang. I got some of it on my fingers, put it in my mouth and soon began feeling its effects.

It was about 3 a.m. I began thinking it wasn't really a good time to be taking cocaine, but it felt good. I kept eating it and eating it.

We went outside where it was snowing. It was light outside even though it was late at night. The Indian began laughing and laughing. I didn't laugh, but I was amused by his conduct.

Finally the older man decided to leave us. But the Indian and Altizer were going to stay with us.

I was wearing a zip-up type sweater which zipped up from the waist to the

neck. Someone came up and told me how nice it was. I said I had bought it down at the Indian encampment. I said I hadn't paid much for it. Someone asked the Indian if it was a good one and he said it was. It had dark Indian designs on it.

Dream of: 30 December 1980 (2)

"Air Compressor"

Walls and I were in front of the Apartment on Third Street with my insulation van, which had a flat tire. The other tires were also low. I had a large cylindrical air compressor and began filling up the tires with it.

I was thinking about trying to pick up some girls and thought it was going to be easy for me to do so. Two black girls were sitting nearby in a car and I asked them if they wanted to go

with me. They said sure, and came over.

I wondered if I should take the compressor with me when I left. I asked the girls to help me with it, but it was too heavy for them. We were going to go on some kind of trip and I wondered if I should take a hand pump instead of the air compressor. I finally decided I should buy a little hand pump instead of lugging the big air compressor along.

Dream of: 31 December 1980 "English Lesson"

It was my last day at work at the Benedict English School (where I had been teaching English in Puerto Rico) and I was busily rearranging some long, cafeteria-like tables and a few desks in a large room. No one, not even Padial (the director of the

school), had told me to do this, and I had simply decided myself to do it. I left some bookcases where they were.

After working hard for awhile, I took a break and went into another room. I stood there eating an orange, when Padial appeared in the doorway. He and I walked together to the room where the tables were, because I wanted to be sure he approved of what I had done. He said, "Fine. Go ahead and do it."

But he seemed sorry that I had to be the one who did all the work. I told him it was OK and that I didn't mind.

I was supposed to have a class at 2 o'clock with my student Hernandez. But I suddenly realized it was 2:15 and that Hernandez wasn't going to show up because he was in Spain. I wouldn't be having another class until

4 o'clock. I went into a smaller room where I was intending to rest. A girl was sitting in the room. Padial was also in the room.

A man who spoke very good English next walked into the room. He said he wanted to improve his English, because he was going to be talking with a woman who taught French at a college. The woman could speak English almost perfectly and he wanted to be able to speak perfect English with her. He and Padial spoke with each other for a while in English and Padial said, "Yes, we're going to do this and we're going to do that."

I began thinking Padial shouldn't be saying "going to" so much. I thought he should be saying we "could" do this or that. It appeared to be a defect in Padial's English.

Padial and the man left. Another person was in the room with whom I began talking. The girl in the room then said, "Yes, you're the person with whom I should speak."

I thought she was talking about the other man and I told him the girl was talking to him. But she looked at me and said, "No, I meant you are the person with whom I should speak."

She was an American who wanted to learn Spanish well. Since I spoke Spanish well, she thought perhaps she could learn with me.

A new male teacher, who appeared to be homosexual, walked into the room.

It didn't bother me that he was homosexual. I thought I would still be able to talk with him. He spoke about Germany and said, "Yes, I'm able to speak German."

He said, "I can say I was writing a sentence in German. Ich haben eine Frase geschrieben. Nein, das ist nicht richtig."

I said, "Nein. Ich habe einen Satz geschrieben. In aleman wir konnen nicht den past progressive nutzen. Wir konnen sagen, 'Ich schreibe' oder 'Ich habe geschrieben' aber nicht 'I am writing'."

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